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THE MIDDLE TEMPLEMURDER THE GUMPS-Now, See What You Did A Detective Story by J. S. Fletcher

cut relations. He lived a very quiet, stredy life on the sheep-farm, never life on the same value of the street he turned to the lod gentleman with a smile.

"Well, I don't think there's much doubt about that!" he exclaimed. "Maitland and Marbury are the same man, Mr. Quarterpage. I'm as certain of that as that I see your Town Hall there."

"And what will you do next, sir?" inquired Mr. Quarterpage. I'm has certain of that as that I see your Town Hall there."

"Thank you—as I do—for all your kindness and assistance, and get off to town by this 1:20." replied Spargo. "And I shan't fall to let you know how things go on."

"One moment," said the old gentleman, as Spargo was hurrying away. "do you think this Mr. Aylmore really murdered Maitland?"

"No!" answered Spargo with embasis. "I don't And I think we've got a good deal to do before we find out who did."

Spargo purposely let the Marbury case drop out of his mind during his journey to town. He ate a hearty lunch in the train and talked with his neigh the says:

"That's all," said Spargo, laying the first of the telegrams on the table. "That's all," said Spargo, laying laws. This is from Rathbury, the Scothad Yard detective that I told you of, Mr. Quarterpage—he promised to the window caught sight of a newspaper boys were should be says:

"The Marbury Murder Case Arrest of Mr. Aylmore has come to hand. Au
"The San when he promised to the window caught sight of a newspaper placard:

The Marbury Murder Case

Arrest of Mr. Aylmore has come to hand. Auady life on the sheep-farm, never

"Fresh evidence tending to incrimi-

"Fresh evidence tending to incriminate Aylmore has come to hand. Authorities have decided to arrest him on suspicion. You'd better hurry back if you want material for tomorrow's paper."

Spargo threw that telegram down, too, waited while the old gentleman glanced at both of them with evident curiosity, and then jumped up.

"Well, I shall have to go, Mr. Quarterpage." he said. "I looked the trains out this morning so as to be in readiness. I can catch the 1.20 to Paddington—that'll get me in before 4.30. I've an hour yet. Now, there's another man I want to see in Market Milcaster. That's the photograph found with the silver ticket? Well, I'm calculating that that photograph was taken here, and I want to see the man who took it—if he's alive and I can find him."

He snatched a paper from a boy as the train moved out and, unfolding it, found a mere announcement in the space reserved for stop-press news:

"Mr. Stephen Aylmore, M. P., was arrested at two o'clock this afternoon, on his way to the House of Commons, on a charge of being concerned in the murder of John Marbury in Middle Temple Lane on the night of June 21st last. It is understood he will be brought up at Bow street at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

Spargo hurried to New Scotland Yard as soon as he reached Paddington. He met Rathbury coming away from his room. At sight of him, the detective turned back.

"Well, so there you are!" he said.

"I suppose you've heard the news?"

Spargo nodded as he dropped into a charge of being concerned in the murder of John Marbury in Middle Temple Lane on the night of June 21st last. It is understood he will be brought up at Bow street at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning."

Spargo hurried to New Scotland Yard as soon as he reached Paddington. He was to the photograph found with the silver ticket? Well, I'm calculating that that photograph found with the silver ticket? Well, I'm calculating that that photograph found with the silver ticket? Well, I'm calculating that that photograph found with the silver ticket? Well, I'm calc

iddress, too," he continued to turn over another file. "I have it somewhere."

Mr. Quarterpage nudged Spargo.
"That's something I couldn't have done!" he remarked. "As I told you. she'd disappeared from Brighton when inquiries were made after Maitland's release."

"Here you are," said Mr. Cooper.
"Here you are," said Mr. Cooper.
"Ex-convict!"

"No doubt, to my
Rathbury sat down at his desk, watching Spargo with rapt attention.
"And who was he?" he asked.
"John Maitland, once of Market Mileaster," replied Spargo. "Ex-bank manager. Also ex-convict."

"Here you are," said Mr. Cooper.
"I sent six copies of that photograph
to Miss Baylis in April, 1895. Her ad-

Convight, 1926. Fred A. Knopf. Co. dress was then 6 Chicester Square Courseont, 1926, by the Public Ledger Co. Bayewater, W." "HE mentioned that he had had a son white who was dead, and was now with relations. He lived a very quiet, but relations. He sheep-farm, never old gentleman with a smile.

He snatched a paper from a boy as the train moved out and, unfolding it, found a mere announcement in the space re-

Institute to the shotographe may be to the shotograph and who took it—if he's alive and I can find him."

Mr. Quarterpage rose and put on his hat.

"There's only one photographer in this town, sir," he said, "and he's been here for a good many years—coeper. I'll take you to him—it's only a few doors away."

Sargo wasted no time in letting the photographer know what he wanted. He put a direct question to Mr. Cooper—an elderly man.

"Do you remember taking a photograph of the child of John Maitland, the bank manager, some twenty one years ago?" he asked, after Mr. Coarterpage had introduced his as a gentleman from London who wanted to ask a few questions.

"Quite well, sir," replied Mr. Cooper, "As well as if it had been yesterday," "Do you still happen to have a copy of it?" asked Spargo.

But Mr. Cooper had siready turned to a row of file albums. He took down one labeled 1891, and began to search its pages. In a minute or two he laid to a bis table before his callers. "That's the child!"

That's the child!"

Spargo nodded as he dropped into a hair. "What led to it?" he asked abruptly. "There was something," "There was something." "The was forcilled, but he wis found it had been direct question to many the was found in the photographer will be a she will be

(CONTINUED MONDAY)



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PETEY—Always Tell the Truth

-AND WE AFTER MEETING THAT OH PETEY DEAR. WERE SO MISS PLIKKER YESTERDAY WASH'T THAT WONDER-AFRAID YOU FULL OF THE OFFICE TO SENT A FAKE TELEGRAM GET AWAY WIRE YOU TO STAY FROM THE OFFICE TELLING ME TO STAY ANOTHER ANOTHER MONTH MONTH - SOME LITTLE BEAN-YOU SAID YEAH.

PATHETIC FIGURES



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By FONTAINE FOX

-WHY, SHE LEFT PALM BEACH LAST LIGHT-SHE ONLY STOPPED OVER FOR THE DAY

By C. A. Voight

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says some of her father's business competitors sell their stock at \$100 a share and pay only 6 per cent on it, but she's proud to say that he's doing so well that he can afford to pay 8 per cent on his and sell it below par at that.

IT'S TOO BAD THAT NONE OF YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE HE IS -WE WANTED TO TAKE HIM ALONG TO THE THE YOUNGSTER WHO SAW HIS FOLKS COMING AND RAN AND HID FOR FEAR OF

BEING TOLD TO GO HOME.

BANG!

"CAP" STUBBS-Cap's a Student

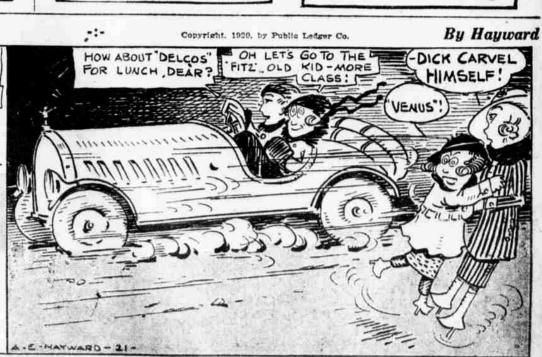


EPHIN

SOMEBODY'S STENOG—Yes, He Probably Has a Sweetheart

GEE, IN LOVE WITH A PHOTO OF A HAS A SWEETHEART! YEH, BE PRACICAL GET A REAL ONE ! [

-:-GOSH I CAN'T GET HOLY BUCKWHEAT! OVER IT! EE-MAGINE HARD LINES ONLY THAT POOR LOVE ! HAVIN' A PHOTO' SICK ANTIQUE TO FONDLE! IN LOVE WITH WELL, CAM, WHERE A PHOTO OF DO WE EAT ? [THE GREAT DICK CARVEL!



DREAMLAND ADVENTURES "JUDITH, THE FAIR DAMSEL" By DADDY

(Peggy and Billy are in Movieland, where Farmer Strongarm puts Crooked Nose and Giant Fierce Fangs to four tests to see if they are worthy to wed his daughter. Judith. Crooked Nose meets three of the tests.)

CHAPTER VI Family of Kings

MARMER STRONGARM was so upset when he found that Crooked Nose had met the third test by selling him something he didn't want that he forgot all shour his nea. all about his nap.
"Hotty-tolty, that was the time I
so the worst of the bargain," he
grumbled. "You are smarter than I

thought. But, smart as you are, you can't meet the fourth test, and so you can't meet the fourth test, and so you cannot win my consent to your marriage with my daughter Judith, the fair damsel."

Saying this, the farmer handed crooked Nose the fourth packet, which, upon being opened, was found to hold this message:

"Wealth in your purse to buy a dozen farms."

farms.

Blood in your veins from a line of fine kings;

farms, Blood in your veins from a line of fine kings;
These must you have to match my daughters charms, These must you have ere the wedding bell rings."
Crooked Nose read the message aloud to Pegsy, Billy and Judith and then gave a cry of dismay.

"Alas, all my hopes have been vain, and while I have passed three of the lests, the fourth seems beyond me."

"Hoity-toity, to be sure it is," declared Farmer Strongarm, "for though you are a fine appearing lad, you don't look as though you had wealth in your purse to buy a dozen farms nor blood in your veins from a line of fine kings."

"And why should my son begone?"
demanded a shrill voice, and there, seated on the shoulder of Giant Flerce Fangs, was Belinda, the cook. The excitement.

"Because he seeks to wed my daughter, and the youth who wins her hand must have wealth in his purse to buy adozen farms and blood in his veins from a line of fine kings."

At this Crooked Nose sighed as if his wou'd break, and Judith the fair damsel, sighed as if her heart would break, and Pegsy and Billy sighed in But Belinda, the cook, didn't sigh. But Belinda, the cook, didn't sigh.

"I am Belinda, the cook, and this is my boy," she declared.
"Hoity-toity, I want to sleep," yawned Farmer Strongarm.
"And my son and I come from a line

"And my son and I come from a line of fine kings going away back to Brian Boru." added Belinda.

"Hoity-toity, you don't say so," said Farmer Strongarm, jumping to his feet and taking off his hat. "Then your son passes the second half of the fourth test, but how about the other half? Has he wealth, in his purse to buy a dozen farms?"

"He will have it when I get my wages," answered Belinda, the cook, and she took a firm hold on the ear of Giant Fierce Fangs.

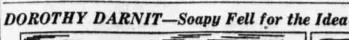
"Hoity-toity, a cook couldn't earn enough to buy a dozen farms," argued Farmer Strongarm.

"Couldn't she now!" said Belinda

"Couldn't she now!" said Belinda saucily. "For twenty years I have cooked for this rich giant and not a cent has he paid me of my wages at \$30 a week. But he is going to pay me now," and she gave the ear of Giant Fierce Fangs a twist that brought the

tears to his eyes.

"To be sure I am," howled Fierce
Fangs. "I'll write you a check at once.



LETS SKATE

TO GETHER

BOYS ANDGIRLS

ALL RIGHT ANY THING TO PLEASE

YOU DOROTHY

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